7万 维修

WOLF CHASING,

Western Sport More Exciting Than Following Foxes and Hares.

Chasing foxes or hares is too tame for sportsmen in the west. Wolves are more to their liking. On a recent occasion the wolves had been captured in heavy steel traps, three of them, but they had not been rendered at all docide by their few days of association with human beings. They were wolves, the great, gray, timber wolves, targer than a Newfoundland dog, with mighty jaws lined with shining



A WESTERN WOLF CHASE.

sharp testh that snapped ominously when any one came near them. They are not cowards, those timber wolves. They will attack a man even when they have not the encouragement of a pack. A timber wolf can throw a steer and cut his throat quicker than a cowboy.

his throat quicker than a cowboy.

"Word was sent throughout the fown that there would be a wolf clanse in the afternoon, and about 300 men, women and boys came out on bronchos to follow the hounds," says G. A. Confreed in the Washington Post, "The pack was a good one and numbered about 30 as good dogs as are to be found in the northwest. I think that Colenel Cody owns some of them. There were foxhounds with a cross of the bloodhound about them, long, rangy staghounds that covered from 20 to 25 feet at every leap, while other coursers of leas distinguished ancestry were brought out to follow with the rabble.

coursers of less distinguished ancestry were brought out to follow with the rabble.

"It may have seemed tame to a tenderfoot who didn't know anything about the speed and endurance of the timber wolves. But it did not take long for such scoffers to be callightened. The tourists from the inn were given a coach, from the top of which they could view the hunt. The wolves were taken out in a wagon and given a little start before the hounds were unleashed. At first they laid down as if hopeless of escape and absolutely refused to budge. Even kicks falled to arouse them. Finally the smallest of the trie got up and started off with a limp, and the others followed him a moment later. They did not run fast at the start, at least they did not appear to, and every one said the chase would be a frost.

frost.
"In about a minute the dogs were turn-"In about a minute the dogs were turned loose, and they took up the seent with a chorus that would have made any huntsman's heart beat faster. The way the leaders covered the ground was a caution, and it seemed to me as if the three wolves, handicapped as they were by lameness, would be overtaken in less than five minutes. The reason we thought that was because we had not been looking at the wolves. The minute they heard the baying of the hounds they seemed to have forgotten all about steel traps and captivity. They had an awkward gait. captivity. They had an awkward gait, but the way they got over the ground made us fear that there would be no brushes to distribute.

"The old she wolf was going on three legs, but she led the trio. A number of

The old she wolf was going on three legs, but she led the trio. A number of cow punchers from Stockwell's ranch started cut to flank them, in order to keep them from getting into the foothills around Big Goose creek. They fired their revolvers and howied themselves hoarse, riding at top speed, and finally got them to going in the direction they wanted them. But there were only two dors who gained on the wolves. These were two starbounds with keen noses and speed that I never saw surpassed. Such leaps you never saw, and the rest of the pack had to get another leader who was in the same class with the rest, Gradually the starbounds closed in on the wolves.

"So far they had been running by scent, but soon they caught sight of the ingitives. Then the chase assumed a different aspect, and the wolves might as well have tried to race with an express train.

"But after all, it was nothing more."

well have tried to race with an express train.

"But, after all, it was nothing more than a race. The speed was with the staghounds, but the courage and lighting quality were with the bloodhound stock in the rear. The leaders knew the temper of the foes they had to deal with. The old she wolf was still leading, and her smaller male companions were slightly behind. With sa instinctive generalship the staght unds bowled over the she wolf and left her struggling on the ground. They had stopped her for a second. Then they set out after the others and pretty soon had them sprawling on the prairie. The wolves got up and showed light, but the staghounds stood off, and the wolves started on again. The same tactics were repeated, and their progress was so impeded that the pack gained rapidly. The staghounds seemed to devote most of

peded that the pack gained rapidly. The staghounds seemed to devote most of their time to the two male wolves, and the old femele began to get away. But the pack was now in striking distance, and the fight commenced.

"The two male wolves were soon surrounded, and there was a mix up equal to a scrimmage on a football field. The wolves were game and disposed of five dogs before they were killed.

"The old she wolf had not gone far, and her injuries were beginning to tell on ker. The staghounds overhauled her, and then the rest of the pack came up, followed by the mounted crowd. A circle was formed around the dogs, with the old she wolf in the center. She bud inid down, panting and tired, with a long, dripping tongue protruding from her

mouth. Her dull green eyes were half closed, and she appeared to be the most unconcerved of all present. The hounds came up and snapped at her, but she paid little attention. None of the dogs seemed willing to strack her. Finally a dog with more of the bloodhound than the others led the assault. The old wolf woke up and killed him instantly. The others then stood aloof.

"One of the cowboys surgested that none of the male dogs would attack a female wolf and that their apparent timidity was nothing more than the chivary of the animal. At that moment the coach with the tourists arrived, and with them came a force female buildog weighing about 30 pounds. The owner was told the reason way the fight could not proceed, and he offered to back his buildog against the old wolf. He was advised against the old wolf. He was advised against the stack on her adversary with the utmost ferceness. The wolf still lay on the ground, with half closed eyes, apparently unaware that auxiting unusual was going on. Her hide was thick, and the teeth of her small assailant did not bother her much, but the buildog finally grabbed her by the throat, and this took all the indifference out of her. The old wolf struggled and tried to free herself, but in vain. She rose to her feet and shook herself desperately, but the buildog hung on with that tenacity which it alone can display.

"At last the wolf shook herself free, but she did not remain unmolested. The grame little dog returned to the attack, but this time she was more than met. The gram jaws of the old wolf opened, showing the gleaming fangs, now covered with foam. A foint a quick snap, and the ivory teeth sank deep into the head of the brave little buildog. The lifeless hody was thrown aside with contempt. A builet from a cowboy's six shooter then ended the old wolf's career, and the crowd rode home, trying to figure out whether the game had been worth the candle."

Strange Fascination.

The trial of Marie Ratterfield Sanderson, charged with poisoning her husband by mixing glass with his food, is one of the most exciting events in the history of Marshall, Mich. Her former maid testified that he weed a rice will be the seed. Marshall, Mich. Her former maid testi-fied that she used a spice mill in the cel-lar of her handsome home to grind up-broken pieces of bottles. The bits of glass, said this winess, were given to



HOW MRS. SANDERSON IS SAID TO HAVE GROUND GLASS.

aged Mr. Sanderson by his wife in his food. They say that Mrs. Sanderson is a born actress, who can "mold her face to all occasions." Whether it be to win over an impressionable juryman with the pleading giance of injured innocence or to discompose a witness with a dart of her piercing eyes, they say, it is all one to her. Her power to fascinate all who come into contact with her is unques-tioned.

His Predicted Pate

"In the southern lilinois town where my father lives," said a Chicago man, "there used to be a selectman named Watkins, who had beld office so long and reached so advanced an age that jokes about 'few die and none resign,' he has solved the question of living forever,' etc., were constantly applied to him. "Another selectman of the name of Lindsey, who was something of a wit, was very sick and not expected to live, and while he was in this state Watkins fell ill of memonia, from which disease fell ill of memonia, from which disease

and while he was in this state Warkins fell ill of meumonia, from which disense he subsequently died. A friend called on Lindsey, told him of Warkins' sickness and that his death was momentarily expected. A twinkle crept into Lindsey's eye as he whispered to his friend: 'No: Warkins won't die this time. He'll never die. They'll have to shoot him on judgment day.' "New York Tribune.

ed, therefore my coming was not reported to Jim and his companions. If I had carried a rifle, I could not have got near Jim and his band. I found my man when he was alone. Beling armed with a Winchester and observing that I was not so armed, he let me come up to him. He did not know me, and when I got within revolver shot of him I sid off my horse on the opposite side to the bandli and commenced shooting. Jim was as quick to use his guns as I, and we both remained behind our horses for protection. A lucky shot struck the bindli in the arm, and he surrendered after his horse was shot down. I took him out of the country in a hurry, or his gang would have prevented it. My idea is that we will yet catch George Curry and his men. In fighting these fellows I would count on surprising them. That is the only way they can be taken. Armed with nothing but revolvers, they would permit me to ride up to them if there were two or three together. I would not like to face so many of them, but if I could I would ride right up to them and begin shooting from the opposite side of my horse as soon as I was in revolver range. I would expect to get hurt, but before they could begin a defense I would get Curry, and Curry once dead the other fellows would be easy."

KISSING HIS WIFE A CRIME. Captain Kimble's Caress Put Him in

Captain Kimble's Caress Put Him in the Stocks.

Few of us have not heard the story of the man who was put in the stocks and fixed for kissing his wife on Sunday in Putitan Boston, but who he was, where he lived, what sort of a fellow he was and how he ever came to commit such a breach of blue law decorum are quite another story and will ro doubt be new to most people, who are too busy to pere over the ancient annuls of the town.

He was Thomas Kemble, says the Boston Globs, sea captain and merchant, apparently a jolly, hall fellow well met sort of a chap, who happened into the world a century or two ahead of his time



IN THE STOCKS FOR RISSING HIS WIFE.

IN THE STOCKS FOR HISSING HIS WIFE.

—for a Bostonian—coming originally from England to Charlestown, if not with Winthrop's colonist, then within a few years, thereafter.

Returning from a long voyage, Kemble landed at w't is now Lewis wharf one beautiful summer Sunday morning in 1079 just as the meeting honse bells were pealing out their melody. He hurried up Fleet and Moon streets, hoping to see his wife before her departure for church, and as he approached his house saw her rossing the street to the old North Meeting Honse on the westerly corner of Moon street and North square. Quickening his steps, he caught her in the shadow of the edifice and, giving her a grizzly bear hug, bestowed upon her an osculatory salutation quite excussible in the case of a bluff old mariner who had not seen his better half for nearly three years.

Whether Increase Mather, the minister in the pulpit, was interrupted in his discourse by the concussion or some jenious, sour visaged neighbor who was "playing hookey" from church witnessed the scandalous proceeding from behind drawn blinds has never been learned, but the fact is that the old sallor had to appear before the magistrates in the old town house next day and, after paying a fine of \$14, was obliged to spend two hours in the stocks at the casterly end of the building in State street, where, it is to be hoped, in view of the extenuating circumstances in his case, the small bay refrained from exercising his usual privilege in such cases of using the victim as a target for rotten potatoca, spoiled "hen

ilege in such cases of using the victim as a target for rotten potatoes, spoiled "hen fruit" and other vesuvery missiles.

TIDAL WAVE PHOTOGRAPHED

Work of a Camera Flend on the

Anshan Const.

An immense tidal wave 60 feet high swept along the Alaska coast on Sept. 10. On that day the whole of southern Alaska was shiken by the greatest earthquake experienced there within historic times. At Glacier bay, near Yahutat. Prince William sound, the entire tace of a glacier half a mile brond was broken off by the terrific seismic disturbance. This wast ice chunk, weighing perhaps millions of william sound, the entire face of a glactic hat winkie crept into Lindsey's ger as he whispered to his friend: 'No; Watkins won't die this time. He'll never die. They'll have to shoot him on judgment day.' "New York Tribune.

HUNTING BANDITS.

Fow Detectives Work in the Hole in the Wall.

"I didn't carry anything but revolvera en my person when I went into the Wall rendeavous," says Detective Fred Houz, who has been hunting the Curry gang, if they were the ellows without long cange rides, but I have my own plans in this sort of thing. For instance, several years ago I went into the same territory and got years' term. Jim had been holding up for treasure coach and the overland coaches all through wyoming and the Binck Hills. He was the prince of the treasure coach and the overland coaches all through fear or something worse. It was impossible to get information touching his movements.

"I wait into the country disguised at a cattleman. I merely let my beard grow out and changed my style of dress. The fact that I carried no ride was my salvation. These fellows know the bandit thunters carry rifles as a rule, and they was carry and proposition. The passengers including five womine, and changed my style of dress. The fact that I carried no ride was my salvation. These fell

DON'T WAIT TILL YOUR LOOKS, EVEN, SHOW HOW SICK YOU ARE **BUT TAKE** PRESCRIPTION



got 500 feet of fishing line and prepared to fish. It was about half unrecied when

got 500 feet of fishing line and prepared to fish. It was about helf unrecled when the attention of every one on deck was arrested by the sight of a 60 foot wall of water rushing toward them with the velocity of a locomotive. Despite his 205 pounds. Balsar moved almost as quickly in tying his fishing line to the taffrail and rushing below for his camera. "What is this coming?" was asked of the captain with breathless auxiety. Balsar returned to the deck. Captain Johnson replied that he didn't know. Balsar suggested that a fearful windstorm must be raging outside the capt in less time than it takes to relate it Balsar rushed to the tatrail, camera in hand, shouting: "Captain, I'm going to have that if it's the last thing I ever take on earth!"

"You'll have to get a swift move on," replied the captain as Balsar rested both arms on the taffrail and took a snapshot at the wave. The next instant the ship was atruck on the port side at an angle of about 45 degrees. The picture does not show the full height of the wave. for the swell which preceded the ournshing mass of water raised the ship just before Bal-

swell which preceded the ournshing mass of water raised the ship just before Bal-



PHOTOGRAPHING A TIDAL WAVE.

sar snapped his camera. The swell also threw the yessel around, so that he caught the wave at an angle instead of squarely.

caught the wave at an angle instead of squarely.

The wave struck the ship like a cyclone, throwing her on her beam ends. The taffrail went under, and probably everybody on board but Captain Johnson thought that his end had come. In 60 seconds the ship righted, but none of those aboard her will ever forget that minute. Her timbers strained and the whole ship stargered and trombled, causing the passengers who had rushed below to their cabins to believe that the wave had engulfed her.

The impact of the wave threw Balsar headong on to the taffrail, and but for his great strength he would have pitched over it. As it was both arms were skinned and bruised. By this time everybody had scampered below excepting the captain, his wife. Balsar and the mate. As quickly as possible Balsar ran below and placed his camera under the blankets of his berth.

is berth. He found his fellow passengers below

engaged chiefly in praying. Several were looking at or kissing the pictures of wives shalltown, In., got out the Bible his wife

When the Blood

will certainly do this. It

changes for you, and soon

500. and \$1.00, all drugglets.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York.

tivity will return.

is pale, then your lips and cheeks are pale, your nerves Some Hig Salaries. weak, and your whole body greatly debilitated. The doctors say "You have an amia."

There's just one thing you have a something to make something to make the highest salary ever paid a rail-

Scotts Emulsion

will make the most happy your old strength and ac-Customer-Yes; you may give me a

had given him for the first look since he went north. He took what he believed to be the last gaze at her picture and declar-ed if he was only lock in Marshalltown he would be satisfied to stay there for

@g#g#g#g#g#g#g#g#g#g#g#g#g#g#

His Promised Wife.

"How provoking?"

Beil Brown looked out from behind the handsome lace curtains at a stylish phaeton drawn by a pair of beautiful ponies just passing and then turned impatiently toward a group of girls at the spoosite window. "If anyone else but Dr. Lester had purchased such an elegant new phaeton, we might have been excused for entertaining hopes of enjoying an airing in it; but that confirmed old bachelor would rather take his grandmother out any day than

take his grandmother out any day than one of us. And I have just made up my mind to have the first ride in that phac-

ton."
"Easier said than done!" observed saucy Linda Gray. "You know you are speaking of an impossibility now. We will make you a present of your wedding

snucy Linda Gray. "You know you are speaking of an inpossibility now. We will make you a present of your wedding dress if you succeed."

"And if I fail I will give you each a pair of white kids to wear to my wedding." Bell answered gayly, and Lawyer Brown's parlors were soon vacated by the merry party that had been spending the afternoon with his only daughter.

"How could I have been so foolish!" thought impulsive Bell as she stood in the door looking down the quiet street. "He cares nothing for me now and will think me more childsh than ever when he hears of this."

But she thought how he had passed that afternoon without even glancing up at the window where she had stood, hoping at least to receive a bow. And then he raised his hat a moment afterward to old Mrs. Lee.

She was quite angry now as she thought of his indifference, and as the new phacton came slowly down the street again she went quickly down the marble steps, and Dr. Leater, garing more earnestly than he knew at the dark blue dress and brown curls fluttering in the wind, drew up before the door.

"Doctor," she said, looking up in the grave, handsome face. "are you going over the river tonight?"

The gentleman bowed and looked caimily down on the sweet face that flushed so brightly as she proffered her request.

"There is a lady at Unele Will's that I want to come over tonight. Will you stop and bring her with you?"

"Certainly, Is your cold any better? You must keep out of the night air, or I will not answer for the consequences."

Bell tried to look indifferent, but the brown eyes filled with tears and her cheeks burned hotly as she thought that he would have asked the same question of all the old women in the town. She closed the door with a little more force than was necessary, and, doming her chook and a large bood, was soon walking briskly in the direction of the uncle's where she had requested Dr. Lester to call for her friend.

It was quite dark when the doctor arrived and gave the hell an impatient pull, and after what seemed an sige a m

"Is Miss Brown's friend here?" he asked, taking the hand that was quickly extended.

The lady's face flushed, but ashe answered quietly in the affirmative.

A slight fluore soon appeared muffled in cloak and hood, and in a boarse voice bade the gentleman good evening.

Horace bowed in return and looked curiously down at the little figure.

"Are you Miss Brown's triend?" he asked, not knowing what else to say.

"Yes, the best friend she ever had," came hoarsely from under the hood.

"You seem to have a cold," said Horace, still standing in the door playing with his whip, while his eyes rested on a long brown curl that had, escaped from beneath the hideous hood. "I would advise you to be careful and keep out of the night air as much as possible."

"Keep out of the night air, indeed."

Bell's lip curled scornfully as she received the advice given to the stranger as it had been given to her a few hours before.

Dr. Lester assisted her down the steps, at Bell, selb, self, each telest.

as it and been given to her a rew hours before.

Dr. Lester assisted her down the steps, and Bell, with a triumphant smile, was helped into the carriage. But the smile died away, and she could have cried with anger and mortification as she found herself in an old buggy that Horace had used until lately, and his father had used before him.

As they rode along the doctor's thoughts were wandering from his oulet

As they rodn along the doctor's thoughts were wandering from his quiet companion to the brown haired girl who had looked up so shyly when she asked a favor that afternoon.

He had quite forgotten the lady by his side when a small hand was placed on his arm and a sweet voice said:

"Dr. Lester, I am so sorry that I have deceived you."

He only looked down on the bright, young face and soft brown eyes, but did not answer.

"Won't you forgive me?" she said pleadingly. "The girls thought I would not get a ride in the placeton we admired

plendingly. "The girls thought I would not get a ride in the phacton we admired so much and I was so silly and promised them white kids if I did not succeed."

Tears were filling the soft eyes, and Dr. Lester took the trembling hand in a firm clasp and said earnestly:

"Bell, if I call for you tomorrow afternoon, will you ride with me in the new planeton as the owner's promised wife?"

The answer must have been satisfactor, for the next day the ponies stood before Lawyer Brown's door, and Bell's lady friends are thinking seriously of preparing the wedding dress she had won.—Exchange.

Her Little Confidence Game.
"We're playing railroad train." she said as she pulled her father's paper away, "and I'm the conductor. Tickets, please."

He took a card from his pocket and handed it to her. She looked at it in-tently for a minute and then handed it back. "That was issued yesterday," she said, "and isn't good today. You'll have to pay cash or get off the train." He gave her a dime. He knew he had been "worked." but what else could be do?—Chicago Post,

need—something to make the blood rich and red. that went to Sir William C. Van Horn when he was president of the Canadian Pacific.—New York Press.

At His Word.

Customer—You cell cracked eggs at half price, do you not?

Clerk—Yes'm. We always make a 50 per cent reduction on cracked goods.

Anything else today?

Customer—Yes; you may give me a

dellar's worth of cracked wheat. Here's 50 cents.-Columbus (O.) State Journal. FOR BALE.

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John Q. Martin, Mgr. Mch 18, 1900

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Estate of Amudia Pearce, deceased.
The undersigned has been appointed by
the Probate court of Summit county, Ohio
as administrator of the estate of
Amudia Pearce, deceased. All per
sons indebted to said estate are requeste
to make immediate payment; and all per
cons having claims against said estate ar
requested to present the same for allowanc
or rejection. THOMAS B. PEARCE.

Dated this 18th day of Dec., A.D. 1800.

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Water in the South.

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